
Title: The Spider Bearer

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I stood in the backroom
of the second floor in
the Necromantic
Scholomance. The one
that I was recreating had
been a fairly strong man
in life. Such was no
longer the case, as he
was now a lifeless bag of
flesh that lay on a table.
"So many things that I
might do with this," I
thought to myself.
Perhaps I could attach
the wings of a harpy to
it? Or mixing it with
parts of a dead orc
might produce an
interesting creature. I
stood there for what
seemed to be hours,
debating with myself on
what to do with this
corpse. I then heard a
faint laughter about. I
quickly looked away from
my work, to the rest of
the room. The door was
still tightly shut, and
there was no other in
the room besides myself.
At first, I thought it
might be the Master
summoning me, but as it
continued I could clearly
tell it was not. For this
voice seemed to belong to
a female.. "Show yourself,
or be silent!" I yelled to
the laughter. In defiance
of my command, the
laughter now increased
in volume. And then
silence... I screamed out
in pain, as something
tightly grabbed my
shoulder. Struggling free,
I turned and saw that

the corpse I had been preparing for unlife had attacked me. "I have sought you out, necromancer," the corpse said in the same voice that belonged to the laughter. "Whatever reason you have come here for, shall meet with punishment!" I shouted at the corpse. With that, I raised my hands and animated the bones that littered the floors into mindless servants. "Separate its flesh from its bones..." I mummered to my servants. The corpse chuckled at this, and flames flickered from its eyes. Almost instantly, my skeletal servants collapsed back to the ground. "It would take little effort on my part, to cause the same to you," it said mockingly. "Now will you continue to act like the things you create, or listen to why I am here?" the corpse hissed. "What are you, and why are you here?" I directed towards it. "What I am, is my concern. Why I am here, however, is for your benefit." With that, a glowing book suddenly appeared floating directly in front of the corpse. "This comes from the Tomb of Khal Ankur." the corpse said. The book began slowly floating towards me. "This book was written by the ancient one known as Anshu." I noticed what appeared to be somewhat of a smile on the face of the corpse. "I am sure your masters wish that they controlled all of Dagger Isle..." it said softly. The book was now within a simple reach.

"So you have come seeking services then? "I asked of it. "No, I do not. I simply wish to give you this..." it said. I grab the book and quickly glanced through it. I then tossed it to the ground and chuckled. "Oh, this is amusing... You're telling me that you are here to give me something? And that you want nothing in return? It would not be wise to take me for a fool," I replied. It cackled at this and said "You are right to be suspicious of me... Yet... The book is now yours... I shall not take it from you..." "And why me? Why did you not go before the Master or Lord Dealthagar? Surely they..." "Because I chose not to!!" it shrieked. "And in any event... I am quite sure that the one called Azalin is aware of this as we speak... I have chosen to give this tome to you. You can either profit from this, or be remembered as a fool!" With that, the flames in the eyes of the corpse flickered out and it fell back upon the table. I picked up the book and proceeded into the library section of the Scholomance. There I gathered many books concerning the history of Dagger Isle and the mysteries of Khaldun. The day turned into night and the night turned back into day before I was satisfied with what I had learned. The ritual that was written in my new found tome was designed to transform all of Dagger Isle into an Island of the

Dead! Any that live on
it.... And any that would
come to it.... They would
all be given the wonderful
gift of unlife! Most of
the spell reagents that I
found listed were
interesting... However,
there was one that
puzzled me. It read:

"And the most important
for the ritual is the life
force of the spider
bearer."

Since I began my services
to the Darkness, I have
heard many strange titles
and names. Yet never
have I heard of this
sort. My research
spanned over a week, and
I could find nothing.
Many libraries were
searched. Even at
Lyceum of Moonglow.
And still... The meaning
escaped my understanding.
It was then decided that
I would visit the very
depths of Khaldun in
hopes of finding the
answer. I was accompanied
by my daemon servant
Verimos, who dealt with
many of the creatures
within the dungeon. We
then came to what
seemed to once
be a library. I had
Verimos bar the door to
this room, as I did not
wish to be bothered by
the mindless dead or
some silly adventurer. I
poured over the books,
and at last I found what
I was looking for. I
learned from a small book
that there exist a family
of mystics. The first
daughter for each new
generation of these
mystics has a spider-
shaped birthmark on
their right hand. Although
the name of this family

was not mentioned, I now
knew what to search for.
I only feared that this
family could have died out
since the time of this
writing... But I will search
for it... And once I find
it....